Our love is done! And still my eyes with tears are wet, Our souls are stirred with vague regret; We gaze farewell, yet cannot speak, And firm resolve grows strangely weak, Though hearts are twain that once were

Since love is done

But love is done! I know it, vow it, and that kiss Must set a finis to our bliss. Yet when I felt thy mouth meet mine, My life again seemed half divine, Our very hearts together run! Can love be done?

Can love be done? Who cares if this be mad or wise? Trust not my words, but read my eyes. Thy kiss bade sleeping love awake: Then take me to thy heart; ah! take The life that with thine own is one,

Love is not done! -Anne Reeve Aldrich, in Spirit.

AGAINST WIND AND TIDE.

BY ANNA SHEILDS.

People in Maysville always shrugged their shoulders when Mark Lamson was mentioned, and usually the expressive gesture was followed by some deprecating remark.

"Comes of bad stock," old Judge Lennox would say, in his pompous dictatorial manner. "All the Lamsons were worthless, and Mrs. Lamson was a Hodge, and everybody knows what they

The house in which Mark was born, and where he scrambled up to manhood, was a large farm house, tumbling to pieces inside, with a roof always being patched against leaking, doors without locks and with shaking hinges, windows that rattled in every wind, ceilings that dropped plaster whenever a heavy foot shook the upper rooms and furniture in the last stage of shabbiness. His father and mother were slatternly in dress, shiftless in household management, and the handsome, bright boy was over-indulged and neglected as their own indolence suggested.

But Mark Lamson inherited none of the leading traits of his parents. Probably in some remote ancestor there was a mixture of energy, resolution and ability of which the Maysville gossips had never heard, and for which they certainly gave Mark no credit. It was in vain that the Principal of the Maysville High School declared that Mark had graduated with the best record he had ever given in the school. It was useless for the lad himself to keep his life free from blame, and earnestly endeavor to do his duty. Maysville could not forget that he was a Lamson, and his mother was a Hodge -"bad stock!"

As he passed from boyhood to manhood, Mark began the unequal struggle against fate and circumstances, that was dictated only by his own energy. His father had been able to get bread from the farm by a lazy tillage that gave the bare necessities for the table; his mother had a very small income that gave the three clothing of the poorest description, and both were in open-mouthed wonder that Mark was not content, as they had been, to dawdle through life and "make out" with what they had.

And Mark, struggling to attain better things, with only a vague, undisciplined longing for improvement, met no encouragement at home or abroad. He tried to obtain a situation, but employers were shy about giving work to a Lamson; he met but a cool reception at the Mays. ville social gatherings, having no knowledge of how to repair his own linen or keep his poor clothing even tidy. Boylike, he imagined a new suit and gay necktie were all-sufficient for a party, and did not heed the frayed cuffs and broken collars at which the Maysville belles turned up their noses.

But, in spite of his father's lazy comments, his mother's fretful remonstrances, Mark Lamson, finding no employment outside, determined to see if the farm would not find him in work.

"Oh, yes; do as you please," his father said. "But there is no money for new-langled fixings, and the land is about worn out. Plenty of it, to be sure, but 'tain't worth shucks."

So, single-handed, Mark undertook the work of bringing up the old farm. Early and late he toiled, repairing fences, weed mg, picking stones, rooting out dead stumps, preparing his land, without one hand stretched out to help him, one voice to wish him success. Thomas, the only man his father employed, gave a surly refusal to aid, upon the ground that his regular routine of shiftless farming took all his time, and Mark patiently submitted.

He was twenty-one years old, when into his dul!, monotonous life came a new stimulus-a hope, bright as a vision and almost as baseless. He felt in love! He did not walk in cautiously, counting his steps and weighing his chances, but he

fell in plump, suddenly, hopelessly.

There had been a warm discussion at the Judge's about inviting Mark to the party that was to celebrate Essie's eighteenth birthday and her final return from boarding school. But the pet of the house had a will of her own and a lively recollection of Mark's handsome face and boyish galla stries, and insisted upon his being invited. Mark, carrying in his memory only a pretty little girl, found himself confronted by an andeniable beauty; a face to win homage in far more pretentions circles than Maysville boasted, and a gentle grace of manner none of the girls of his acquaintance had ever extended to him.

The touch of the soft little hand offered to greet him riveted the chains Essie's face had cast about Mark's heart, and made him her slave then and there. He had starved all his life for sympathy. and his first half-hour with Essie filled his longing heart with content. She remembered all his boyish aspirations; she entered into all his hopes and ambitions. The party was the beginning of an intercourse that stimulate I anew every good resolution, gave a new vigor to every hope of Mark's life.

The village was essentially democratic, and the fact that Besie was the only child and herress of the richest, most influential man in the place did not prevent her from visiting Mrs. Lamson upon terms of perfect equality. She was fond of the weak, amiable woman, strongly as she censured, in her youthful strength,

the easy-going indolence that made her home such a scene of confusion and discomfort; and, in her geatle, pleasant way, she endeavoured to brighten that home for Mark by suggestions and offers of help that fell to the ground. It was like fighting a feather bed to try to rouse Mrs. Lamson to an active improvement and rebuffed there, Essie could only help Mark by words of sympathy that were

like wine of life to his love. An hour with Essie sent him back to his uphill work full of new hope, every energy stimulated, every hope bright ened. He had not dared to set before him in plain words the hope of one day winning her heart to his own, for there was all the humility of true passion in that young, ardent heart, but he realized a new force, a new spur to ambition.

Essie never sneered at him as the neighbors had become accustomed to doing; Essie never threw cold water over his plans for improving the land; Essie was never sarcastic over the clashing of his povery and his ambitions. As he saw her more frequently, he ventured to tell her of wider, wilder hopes, of some day escaping from the drudgery before him, and making his way to a

city, where his education might give hi nastart in more congenial occupation.

"Father and mother seem to need me, now," he told Essie, one day; "they are old, and they have no other child. I

think it is my plain duty to stay."
"I think it is," was the quick reply; "your mother could scarcely bear a separation.

"And while I am here, I must do the work that lies under my hand," he said, "hard as it is! But Essie," and his face brightened, "do you know that already I have made the farm pay double what it has ever done. Next spring I can hire help out of money I saved from the sale of last year's crops!"

Essie, all eager interest, entered into discussion of the capabilities of such a lot for turnips, such a patch for wheat, the possibilities of a dairy, the best cul-ture for fowls, as if she had never studied music or filled her head with French and German verbs.

But the horror and wrath of Judge Lennox, when, after two years of mild courtship, Mark took his fate in his hands and asked permission to marry Essie, cannot be described.

"A Lamson!" he cried, when having dismissed Mark he returned to the cosom of his family. "A Lamson for Essie's husband! The fellow wants my money to spend after all his father and his grandfather have squandered.' "Do you really and truly think Mark is a spendthrift, papa?" Essie asked quietly. "Does he ever lounge about the stores or taverns, as Harry Carter and James Rayburn do!

"I-Well, no, I never saw him," was the reluctant admission. "Did you ever hear that he drank or

"N-o-I never did."

ambled, or even smoked?"

"Is he not regular at church?" "But, oh, Essie!" struck in Mrs, Lennox. "What shabby, half-washed shirts he wears, and his fingers all out

of his gloves, and half the buttons of his coat gone! "Poor Mark!" said Essie, gently. "He

needs a wife." "Well, he need not look here for

one," growled the Judge. "I heard Mr. Thompson say, last week," said Essie, quietly,"that there is not a better farm in Greene County than Lamson's."

"Such a palace of a house!" the fudge succeed.

"Mark is hoping to put a new house on the place, next year. He has had builders over from B ---., but they say the old house is beyond repair, and it would cost less to have a new one."

"And where is the money to come "Where the improved farm came from," said Essie; "from Mark's indusry, perseverance and energy, in the face of the har lest discouragements ever a

young man had to fight."
"Eh!" said the Judge. "What? What?" "See what he has done," said Essie,

still in an even, quiet tone that carried conviction far more than an excited one. Eight years ago, when he was but a boy, he put his shoulder to the wheel in I took his playtime between school nours to weel and clear away stones. Nobo iy helpe I him. He was ridiculed. sneered at, discouraged on all sides. He had the poorest farm in the place, and he has made it one of the best. hat put every spare dollar into books on agriculture, improved mahines, good stock. He has now four nea at work for him, good horses, good attle, good poultry, and he will have a good house. Papa, do you not think it vill be a pity to have the new house in the care of Mrs. Lamson, to ruin as she has the old one? Out-doors the managemeat is all left to Mark, and see what he has done. But a man cannot make a nome comfortable alone; he needs a

"Well," said the Judge, "let him have one, but not my child." "Still he loves me," said Essie, "and

I love him!" "Pshaw!" said the Judge, and marched

out of the house. But prompt as he was, he was just, and he loved Essie. He had let preju-dice induence him against Mark all his life; now he took pains to find out how much of his distike was well founded. Gradgingly enough was the verdict given in Mark's favor. Maysville did not willingly acknowledge it had been wrong in s estimate, and shouldered upon Mark all the faults of his ancestors. But the acts were strong, and Judge Leanox ound himself confronted by them. Slowly, for he was not easily convinced,

empt, and, after a month of patient inestigation, sent for Mark. The interview was a frank, mauly one, he old gentleman not being given to half hearted measures of any kind. He admitted his former prejudices, and heartily commended the young man who

e took respect into the place of con-

ad struggled so nobly. "When your new house is finished," he said, "I will let my E sie be your wite. A man who can make his way against wind and tide as you have done, deserves

a happy home.' The Judge being a power in Maysville ublic opinion veered round, as soon as he engagement was announced.

The new house being completed, Essie became housekeeper, Mrs. Lamson gladly resigning her feeble reign. And under the new regime it was wonderful to see how even the old people smartene l up. They had no chronic objection to cleanliness, if someone else did the

necessary work; and with Mark and Essio to govern and direct, the Lamson house hold so lost its old name, that you could scarcely find to-day in Maysville one voice to repeat the old saying that "Mark Lamson came of bad stock."—The Ledger.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The moon moves 3333 feet per second There are 20,000 different kinds of butterflies.

Steam locomotives are to be tried or the Chicago street lines. The Chamber of Deputies of Belgium

has passed a bill prohibiting any public

experiments in hypnotism. A new engine just completed for the New York Central's 'flyer" will weigh, ready for service, just one hundred tous, tender included.

The redevelopment of lost limbs is declared by an English naturalist to be not unusual among insects, in whom it may take place either during the larval or

A boring at Brohl, on the Rhine, has been worked for carbonic acid for fifty years, but its supply is now failing on account of the opening of eight other borings which are now in operation neu

Unsuccessful attempts to produce rain, by exploding twenty bags of robunite have been made in Bezwada, in the Madras Presidency, India, but showers were readily produced at Mairas by exploding dynamite.

A specimen of capped petrel, a bird supposed to be an extinct, or at least a lost species, was found recently in Eng-The original home of the capped petrel is said to have been the islands of St. Demingo and Guadaloupe. For chapped hands the following is a

nost excellent renely Campior gum, three drams, beesewax, three draus, spermaceti, three drams, olive oil, two ounces. Put in a pan and set in boiling water until melted, and apply to the

An engineer suggests that a steam hose be connected with engines so that an engineer without any material movement on his part could turn a stream of scalding water and steam on robbers attempting to climb up in the cab or over the tender.

A locomotive has just been built at the Crewe Works of the London and Northwestern Railway, of Eugland, which is capable of drawing a train at the rate of 100 miles an hour. The speed attained by this engine in trial runs between Crewe and Chester was ninety miles an hour; but this was shown to be considerably below its full powers.

There is a tract of land in Levy County, Florida, in which three holes have been dug thirty feet apart, and each excavation has laid bure parts of the skeleton of a huge animal. The diggers take it for granted that the bones all belong to the same creature, and are wondering what sort of a beast it was whose remains underlie the

The production of positive photographs di; ect from the camera has been anounced in Germany, this remarkable esult being secure I by adding small quantities of a substituted sulpho-urea to the developer. Successful trials were made with allyl and phenyl sulpho-urea added to eikonogen; but sulpho-ures itself, while acting similarly, give uuatisfactory results.

The resources of a shoe factory in Leicester, England, have been immensely increased by the adoption of electric power. The installation is to be further nlarged, and when complete it will include two engines of 150-horse power for the driving of the dynamos for light and power. Fifteen hundred people will be employed and the factory will produce 50,000 pairs of shoes a week.

The Chileans are Poor Gumers.

There has been so much talk about Chile's ability to strike heavy blows in case of war with the United States that the results of observations of their work during the recent trouble will be interesting at this time. In the capture of Valparaiso the Congressionalist squadron played no part worthy of mention. The Esmeralda, Cochrane, Aconcagua and O'Higgins, all armed with heavy Armstrong rifled guns, did not attempt to engage Forts Pratt and Callao at the entrance of the harbor, but managed to keep well out of range. At Iquique they kept five miles out to sea and not a shell

fell in the town. When Admiral Brown was asked how Chile compared with America in case of war, he laughed and said: "This is the biggest ship, except the Bultimore and Warspite, we saw in Chilean waters, and the Chilean war vessels could not cope

with our vessels." An officer on the ship who had carefully observed the operations of the Chilean vessels said: "I never saw such poor gunnery. Why, at 2000 yards I saw the Cochrane keep up a fire on the fort at Vinda del Mar, and not a shot struck the fort, which, by the way, is a very extensive work and offers a sarge target. When the four Congressional vessels were firing at Fort Callao the fort was struck but half a dozen times out of 300 shots. Nearly every shot and shell fell short, some of them as much as half a mile. All the talk about the Esmeralda coming up to San Francisco and standing out of the reach of the guns or the heights back of Fort Point and drop ping shells in the city is the variest rub

bish. Her guns have no such range. "When the San Francisco practiced with her new six-inch rifles the results obtained were very satisfactory, and at the range of 2000 yards with a fort for a target we would not have missel a shot. -San Francisco Chronicle.

Highest Railway in the Alps.

The new Alpine railway, the Brienzer Rothhornbahn, is the highest railway in the Alps and commands magnificent views. It is 2351 metres (7836 feet) igh at the summit level, and ascends 1682 metres (5606 feet) or sixty-seven retres (223 feet) higher than the Pilatus Railway. The journey occupies one nour and a half. The gauge is 0.8 metre. The line is a pure rack-and-pinion rail-way on the Abt system, and is similar in construction to the Monte Generoso Railvay. The steepest gradient is one in our-that is, less than the maximum Pilatus ascent. The railway has been wilt in a remarkably short space of time. t was begun so recently as the 1st of october, 1890. No fewer than ten tunrels were bered; numerous streamlets were bridged and heavy stone dams had to be erected. - Boston Transcript.

CATCHES RATS FOR CASH

HOW HOUSES ARE CLEARED OF THE PEST IN NEW YORK.

Frans Which Charm Their Victims and Deadly Foes Whose Work is Swift and Silent-Use of Rat Oil.

The hunting season is in full blast now. But as many sportsmen fail to secure any game with their expensive guns cure any game with their expensive guis-and methods, perhaps they will be glad to hear of fine onling opportunities right in New York. The only draw-back is that the game consists altogether of rats, but apart frem that there is a lot of excitement and satisfaction to be had, and a count of heads will generally show surprising results. Such a hunt was recently held in the Staats Zeitung Building, and one hundred fine large tellows were bagged. This wholesale destruction of the unpleasant animals has called attention to an odd and comparatively unknown but thriving business, that of the professional rat-catcher.

The man who took the contract for the extermination of the Staats Zeitung rats was "born into the business," and for the last thirty-live years he has kept a quaint little place in Fulton street Adolph Isaacsen is his name, and he is still to be found in his store daily, though his son Charles has succeeded him in active business. Surrounded by his traps, ferrets and fox terriers, the old man is full of interesting reminiscences. and is always happy when he can tell of some of his experiences in his ratcatching trips, which have taken him all over the country from coast to coast.

"What is the first thing you do when you go to a place to kill off the rats?" he was asked the other day. "Ah, that is a good question. I see we must begin at the beginning. Well, we ask Kate where the rats are. You know was Kate is? Well. Kate is the finest fox terrier for that purpose in the whole country. I've owned her for teu years, and she is eleven years old, and what she doesn't know about rats isn't worth knowing. As soon as she gets in the place she sniffs around. When she locates a place where the rats have come out, she just turns her head to me and wags her tail. Then I know she has found the place. She doesn't bark or growl, for she knows as well as I do that we musn't make a bit of noise or get excited. We want to kill the rats not to scare them. Then when we locate all the holes, we set traps at each one, if there are many rats. If there are not so many rats we use a different methol. which I will explain later. The trap we use is the double-jaw game trap which is used for small game. As soon as a rat is caught we kill it and take it out and set the trap for another, for we watch the place all through the night (we always work at night) when we catch

"But how do you bait the traps? "We don't. Now, I'd tell you secret of the traie. We use rat oil, which we make as follows: We boil about 100 rats in a large kettle, and skim off the oil which rises to the top. This oil is very pungent, and proves a great attraction. We oil each trap with just a few drops of it, and that is quite enough to lure them on."

And then this modern pied piper said: "Do you know that we can make the rats go to the traps? Well, we can. We walk across the room and, after a while, the rats follow in our footsteps. But it isn't so wonderful when you know the trick. We simply rub a few drops of the oil on the soles of our shoes, and drag our feet as we walk toward the See?" traps.

"Tell me what you do when there aren't many rats.'

"Well, we take ferrets along in a case like that. After Kate finds the holes we stop up all but two. Kate, she watches one. She's as good as a man, she is. nd one of my men watches the other Then the ferrets are put in, and pretty soon the rats begin to move out. Any rat that comes out at Kate's place is a dead rat that instant. One bite settles it. But the man can't bite them. Do you know what he does? Why, he simply holds his hand near the hole and rat walks right into it. doesa't grab it then, or hit it. That would make it squeal and bite. No

sir; he simply lifts his hand gently with

the rat in it, bolding the animal as gently as he would a bird. And the rat never moves nor gets frightened. It will lie in hand and never show fight or fear. He can stroke it and pet it as if it were a kitten. You don't believe, that young man, do you? Come now, that smile shows me you think this is a whopper. But I assure you it's quite true. There's something about some men who have handled wild and shy animals all their lives which gives them a peculiar power. Why, I've often done it myself, though, mind you, I don't say I could do it now, offuand, because I haven't tried it for lon; time, and it all depends on the artful touch. But my son Charley here can do it. Can't you, Charley? And my four men can do it. They never think anything of it. Now, don't you see what an advantage this is? There is no noise of clubbing or squealing. The rat is simply tossed to Kate, and she never gives it a chance to squeal. She sends it to rat heaven too quickly for that. This is important, for if there is any noise or excitement it settles rat catching for that night. They're cute fellows, these rats."-New York Herald.

A Restaurant Joke.

George Parker, who was well known mong the London Thespian corps, went into a restaurant and, being very hungry called for three mutton chops, but while they were dressing fell fast asleep. The waiter brought them, laid them before him, but, in the hurry of business, never stopped to wake him. An actor, who had not hid a dinner that day, came in and, thinking it a pity that the mean should get cold, sat down opposite George, took his knife and fork and per formed the part very well. Having finished them, he rubbed George's mouth with some of the fat and laid the bones, sto., before him, then he rose and went into another apartment. waiter now came and awoke Mr. Parker, asking him if he should take the things away. "Eh?" cried George, wiping his away. "Eh?" cried George, wiping his mouth. "Yes—no—no—yes, you may take away these bones; but tell the cook to dress me three more chops, for I am as hungry as ever!" - Spars Koments.

A sherid in Missouri has received a quest from a Kansas man for two feet if the rope with which a murderer was ranged, He says he wants it to cure

Another Grace Darling.

The spirit of Grace Darling still survives, and the fact that women are capab'e of acts of physical bravery as remarkable as that of the famous herome is strikingly illustrated in the case of Miss Blanche Hays, an English girl, who has been awarded the honorary testimonial of the Royal Humane Society for saving the life of a Miss Saunders at Oddiscombe last June, under circumstacces displaying unusual courage and



MISS BLANCHE HAYS.

presence of mind. Oddiscombe is a watering-place, and Miss Saunders, while bathing, got beyond her depth. The beach where the accident occurred has a sharp fall of three or four feet, and the young lady, being unaware of this, ventured outside the safety line. Her screams attracted the attention of Miss Hays, who was also in the water, and she at once swam to her assistance. reached the spot just as the unfortunate girl was about to sink for the last time. The latter had sufficient strength left, however, to throw her arms around the neck of her rescuer. Miss Hays was near ly dragged under by the added weight, but managed to draw her friend almost to shore when a fisherman came to her assistance. Miss Hays did not stop her good work here, but immediately set about to restore Miss Saunders, who had fainted from fright and exhaustion. Miss Saunders cannot swim, and undoubted ly owes her life to the promptness and pluck of the girl who now wears the inedal of the royal society.

A Maori Son.

The youngest son of the Earl and Countess of Onslow received as one of his names in baptism the Maori title of "Hula,' in the compliment to the land of his birth. The child has just been received into Maori kiuship. Lady Oaslow, Sir Walter and Lady Butler, and other friends visited the Ngatiabula tribe near Weilington, the Zealand metropolis. The hereditary chief of this tribe rubbel noses with the child, the women accompanying the ceremony with a plaintive lullaby. the chiefs then came forward and cast their offerings at the child' feet-worked flax, greenstones, carved boxes, etc .-Manchester Times.

The Most Pleasant Way

Of preventing the grippe, colds, headaches and fevers is to use the liquid laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs, whenever the system needs a gentle, yet effective cleansing. To be benefited one must get the true remedy manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only. For sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles.

Uncle Sam pays \$8,500,000 for the Cherokee strip-\$1.40 an acre.

The Oaly One Ever Printed.

CAN YOU PIND THE WORD? These is a 3 inch display advertisement in this paper, this week, which has no two words alike except one word. The same is true of osch new one appearing each week, from The Dr. Harter Medicine Co. This house places a "Crescent" on everything they make and publish. Look for it, send them the name of the word and they will return you BOOK, BEACTIFUL LITHOGRAPHS OF SAMPLES FREE.

This year's crop of cereals is estimated at 8,215,000,000 bushels. A NEW excitement for Oklahoma is sup

plied by the discovery of gold-bearing quarts at Chandler. Brown's Iron Bitters cures Dyspepsis, Malaria, Biliousners and General Debl. ity. Gives Strength, aids Digestion, tones the nervescreates appetite. The best tonic for Nursing Mothers, weak women and children.

THERE is an epidemic of forgery and coin

"Brown's Bronchial Troches' are excel-tent for the relief of Hearseness or Sore Threat, They are exceedingly effective," Christian World, London, Eng. DR. Swan's Pastilles Cure female neaknesses his T-Tablets cure chronic constitution. Sam ples free. Dr. Swan, Ecaver Dani, Wis.

Out of Sorts

Describes a feeling peculiar to persons of dyspeptic tendency, or caused by change of climate, sealife. The stomach is out of order, the head aches of does not feel right, The Nerves

seemed strained to their utmost, the mind is con

fused and irritable. This condition finds an excel-lent corrective in Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by its regulating and toning powers soon **Cures Indigestion**

restores harmony to the system, gives strength mind, nerves and body. Be sure to get

Hood s Sarsaparilla which in curative power is Peculiar to Itself.



Singular Capture of a Swan.

John Jordan brought a large white swan to Pendleton the other day, and tells a queer story as to how he got it. While near his house, on East Birch Creek, he saw some eagles c'asing the swan in the air above him. The unfortunate bird, in its anxiety to escape, flew directly over the young man's head, and with a quick spring he managed to seize and bring it down, the disappointed eagles flying angrily away .- Oregonian.

Deafness Can't be Cured

By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of deafness (caused by catarrh) that we cannot cure by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

THERE are over nine hundred grain devators in North Dakota.

Don't fool with indigestion nor with a disordered liver, but take Beecham's Pills for immediate relief. 25 cents a box.

SIR JOHN MACDONALD'S cotate is valued MALARIA cured and eradicated from the system by Brown's Iron Bitters, which enriches the blood, tones the nerves, aids digestion. Acts like a ciarm on persons in general ill health, giving new energy and strength.

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FITS stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Marveleus cures. Treatire and \$2 trial bottle free. Dr. Eline, 931 ArchSt., Phila., Pa

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c. per bottle

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

Obstinate Blood Humor.

HAD TERRIBLE ECZEMA FOR EIGHTEEN YEARS—WAS and limbs swollen and scaly like a dead fish. The itching was terrible, and finally LOS' MY SIGHT. After treatment by five physicians, and other remedies without relief, I took S. S. S. AND IT CURED ME. My skin is soft and smooth, and the terrible trouble is an expected.

I was for some time troubled with an obstinate RASH OR HUMOR, that spread over my face and breast. I consulted physicians, and used many remedies without a care. At the suggestion of a friend I used Swift's Specific, which completely citted me. This was two years ago, and I have had no return of the trouble.—E.H.Wells, Chesterfield, Va. S.S.S. is the safest and best remedy for all troubles of the Blood and Skin. It cures by removing the cause, and at the same time builds up the general health.

Send for our Treatise, mailed free.

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Cod-liver oil suggests consumption; which is almost unfortunate. Its best use is before you fear consumptionwhen you begin to get thin. Consumption is only one of the dangers of thinness.

Scott's Emulsion of codliver-oil makes the thin plump, and the plump are almost safe.

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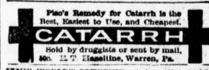
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